THE 3. 227.

Crown Garland OF Golden Roſes,



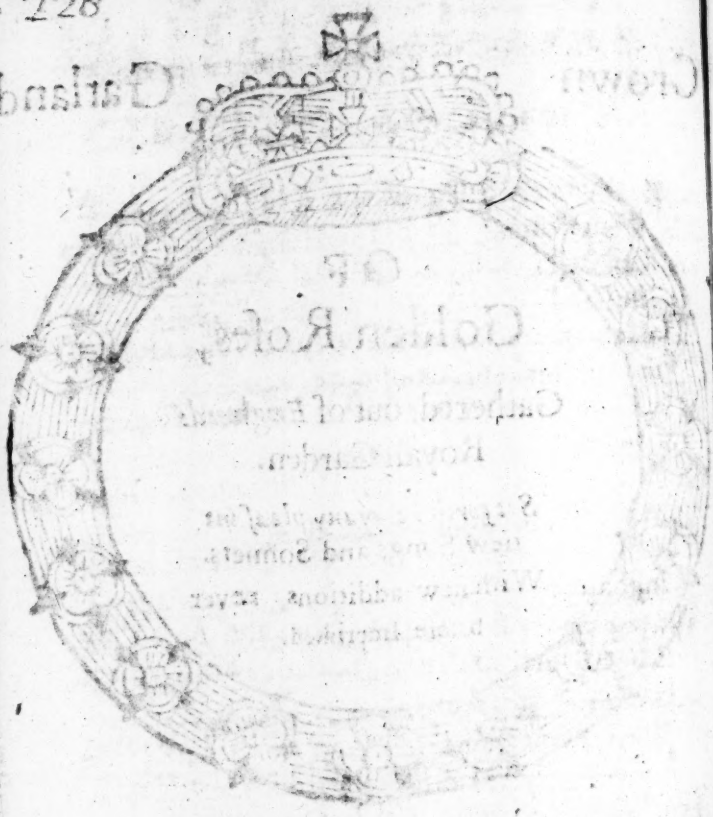
Gathered out of *Englands* Royall Garden.

Set forth in many pleaſant new Songs and Sonnets.

With new additions, never before Imprinted.

Divided into two Parts, by *R. Johnſon*.

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A Princely Song made of the Red Rose and the White, Royally united together by King Henry the Seventh, and Elizabeth Plantagenet daughter to Edward the fourth, from whom our Soveraign Lord King James lineally descended.

To the tune of, When flying Fame.

When York and Lancaster made war
within this famous Land,
The lives of Englands Royal Peers
did much in danger stand:
Seven English Kings in bloody fields,
for Englands Crown did fight:
In which their heirs were all but twain,
of lives bereaved quite.
Then thirty thousand English men
were in one battel slain,
Yet could not all this English blood
a settled peace obtain:

For Fathers kind their Children kil'd,
and Sons their Fathers slew,
Yea Kinsmen fought against their kind,
and not each other knew.

At last by Henries lawful claim,
the warring wars had end:
For Englands peace he soon reform'd,
and did the same defend,
For tyrant Richard nam'd the third,
chief Author of this woe,
By him was slain near Leicester town,
as Chronicles do show.

All fears of war he thus exil'd.
which joy'd each English man:
And days of long desired peace,
within the Land began:
He rul'd this Kingdom by true love,
to cheer his Subjects lives,
For every one had daily joy,
and comfort of their wives.

King Henry had such a princely care
our further peace to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to wife,
that gallant Princess Dame,
Fourth Edwards daughter (blest of God,)

to

to escape King Richards spite,
Was thus made Englands peerless Queen
and Henries heart's delight.

Thus Henry first of Tudors name,
and Lancaster the last:
With Yorks right heir a true loves knot,
did link and tye full fast.
Renowned York the white Rose gave,
brave Lancaster the red,
By wedlock were conjoyn'd to grow,
both in one Princely bed.

These Roses sprang and budded fair,
and carried such a grace,
That Kings of England in their arms,
afford them worthy place:
And flourish may those Roses long,
that all the world may tell,
The owners of those Princely flowers
in vertues do excell.

To glorifie these Roses more,
King Henry and his Queen,
First plac'd their pictures in wrought gold,
most gorgeous to be seen:
The Kings own guard now wears the same
upon their back and breast,

Where Love and Loyalty remains,
and ever more shall rest.

The Red Rose on the back is plac'd,
thereon a Crown of Gold:
The white Rose on the breast is brave,
and lolly to behold:
Bedeckt most rich with silver studs,
on Coat of Scarlet red:
A blushing hue which Englands fame
now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet,
these honours first devised,
To welcome long desired peace,
withus so dearly prized;
A peace that now maintained is
by Charles our Royal King,
For peace brings plenty to the Land,
with every blessed thing.

To speak again of Henries praise,
his Princely liberal hand
Gave gifts and graces many wayes
unto this famous Land:
For which the Lord him blessing sent,
and multiplied his store,
In that he left more wealth to us,
than any King before.

For

For firſt his ſweet and lovely Queen,
a joy above the reſt,
Brought him both ſons and daughters fair
to make his Kingdom bleſt.
The Royal blood that was at ebb,
ſo increas'd by his Queen,
That Englands heirs unto this day,
do flouriſh fair and green.

The firſt fair bleſſing of this ſeed,
was Arthur Prince of Wales:
Whoſe vertue to the Spaniſh court,
quite o'ze the ocean ſails:
There Ferdinand the King of Spain,
his daughter Katherine gave
For wife unto the Engliſh Prince,
a thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,
and blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his ſweet life
to deaths impartial rage,
Who dying ſo no iſſue left
the ſweet of natures joy,
Which compaſt England round with grief,
and Spain with ſad annoy.

King Henries ſecond comfort prov'd,
a Henry of his name: In

In following time eighth Henry call'd,
a King of noble fame.
He conquer'd Bulloign with his sword
with many towns in France,
His manly mind and fortitude
did Englands fame advance.

He Popish Abbeys first suppress,
and Papistry pul'd down:
And bound their lands by Parliament
unto his Royal Crown:
He had three Children by three wives,
all Princes reigning here,
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth.
A Queen belov'd most dear.

These three sweet branches bare no fruit,
God no such joy did send,
Through which the Kingly Tudors name
in England here had end:
The last Plantaginet that liv'd,
was nam'd Elizabeth:
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
the greatest Queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
whose grace gave free consent,
To have his Daughters married both,

to

to Kings of high deſcent:
Margaret the eldeſt of the twain,
was made great Scotlands Queen,
As wiſe, as fair, as vertuous,
as ere was Lady ſeen.

From which fair Queen our Royal King,
by lineal courſe deſcendeth,
And rightfully inſoyes that Crown,
which God now ſtill befriendeth:
For Tudors and Plantaginet,
by yielding unto death,
Have made renowned Stewards name
the greateſt upon earth.

His younger daughter Mary call'd,
as princely in degree,
Was by her father worthy thought,
the Queen of France to be,
And after to the Suffolk Duke,
was made a noble wife,
Where in the famous Engliſh Court,
ſhe led a vertuous life.

King Henry and his loving Queen,
reſoyc'd to ſee the day,
To have their Children thus advanc'd
with honours every way,

Which

Which purchaſt pleaſure and content,
with many years delight:
Till ſad miſchance by cruel death,
procur'd them both a ſpight.

The Queen, that fair and Princely Dame,
that Mother meek and mild,
To add more number to her joyes,
again grew big with Child:
All which brought comfort to her King,
againſt which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind hearted Queen,
in Londons ſtately Tower.

That tower that was ſo fatall once
to Princes of degree,
Prov'd fatal to this Noble Queen,
for therein dyed ſhe:
In Child-bed loſt ſhe her ſweet life,
her life eſteemed ſo dear:
Which had been Englands loving Queen,
full many a happy year.

The King herewith poſſeſt with grief,
ſpent many months in moan,
And dayly ſighed, and ſaid that he,
like her could find out none:
Nor none could he in fancy chuſe,

to make his wedded wife,
Therefore a widdower would remain,
the remnant of his life.

His after-dayes he ſpent in peace,
and quietneſs of mind,
Like King and Queen as theſe two were,
the world can hardly find:
Our King and Queen yet like to them,
in vertue and true love,
Have Heavenly bleſſings in like ſort,
from heavenly powers above.

A delightful Song of the four famous Feaſts of England, one of them ordained by King Henry the ſeventh, to the Honour of Merchant Taylors, ſhewing how ſeven Kings have been free of that Company, and how laſtly it was graced with the renowned Prince Henry of Great Britain.

To the tune of, Treatons toy.

ENgland is a Kingdom,
of all the world admired:
Yore ſtatelineſs in pleaſures,
can no way be deſired:

The

The Court is full of bravery.
the City stor'd with wealth,
The Law preserveth unity,
the Country keepeth health.

Yet no like pomp and glory,
our Chronicles record,
As four great feasts of England
do orderly afford:
All others be but Dinners call'd,
or banquets of good sort,
And none but four be named feasts,
which here I will report.

Saint Georges feast the first of all,
maintained is by Kings:
Where much renown and Royalty
thereof now daily rings:
Princes come from forein Lands,
to be Saint Georges Knights,
The golden garter thus is worn
by sundry worthy wights.

St. George our English Champion,
in most delightful sort,
Is celebrated year by year,
in Englands Royal Court,
The King with all his noble train,

in good and rich array,
ill glorifies the Festival
of great Saint Georges day.

he honour'd Major of London,
the second feast ordains,
y which the worthy Citizens,
much commendation gains:
or Lords and Judges of the Land,
and Knights of good request,
o Guildhall come to countenance
Lord Major of London's Feast.

llo the Sergeants of the Law,
another feast affords:
ith grace and honour glorifi'd,
by Englands noble Lords:
nd this we call the Sergeants feast,
a third in name and place:
ut yet there is a fourth likewise,
preserves a gallant grace.

he Merchant-Taylors Company,
the fellowship of Fame,
o Londons lasting dignity,
lives honoured with the same:
gift K. Henry the seventh gave,
kept once in three years still,

Where

Where gold and gowns be to poor men,
given by King Henries will.

Full many a good fat buck he sent,
the fairest and the best
The Kings large forrest can afford,
to grace this worthy feast.
A feast that makes the number just,
and last account of four,
Therefore let England thus report,
of feasts there be no more.

Then let all London Companies,
so highly in renown,
Give Merchant Taylors name and fame,
to wear the Lawrell Crown.
For seven of Englands Royal Kings,
thereof have all been free,
And with their loves and favours gracious
this worthy Company.

King Richard once the second nam'd,
unhappy in his fall,
Of all his race of Royal Kings,
was free-man first of all:
Bullingbrook fourth Henry next,
by order him succeeds,
To glorifie this brotherhood,
by many Princely deeds.

Fifth

Fifth Henry which so valiantly,
deserved fame in France,
Became free of this company,
fair London to advance:
Sixth Henry the next in raign,
though luckless in his dayes,
Of Merchant-Taylors Freeman was,
to their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward that most worthy King,
belov'd of great and small,
Also perfourme'd a Free mans love
to this renowned Hall:
Third Richard which by cruelty,
brought England many woes,
Unto this worthy Company
no little favour shows.

But richest favour yet at last,
proceeded from a King,
Whose wisdom round about the world
in Princes ears do ring:
King Henry whom we call the seventh;
made them the greatest grac'd,
Because in Merchant Taylors Hall,
his Picture now stands plac'd.

Their Charter was his Princely gift,
maintained to this day,

He added Merchant to the name
of Taylors as some say.
Lo Merchant-Taylors they be call'd,
his Royal love was so,
No London Company the like
estate of Kings can show.

From time to time we thus behold
the Merchant-Taylors glory,
Of whose renown the Muses Pen
may make a lasting story.
This love of Kings begot such love
of our now Royal prince,
For greater love than this to them
was ne'r before nor since.

It pleased so his Princely mind,
in meek kind courtesie,
To be a friendly Freeman made
of this brave company:
O London then in heart rejoyce,
and Merchant-Taylors sing
Forth praises of this gentle Prince,
the Son of our good King.

To tell the welcome to the world
he then in London had,
Might fill us full of pleasant joyes,
and make our hearts full glad.

His

His triumphs were perform'd and done,
long lasting will remain,
And Chronicles report aright,
the order of it plain,

The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore Governour of Warwick Castle, and the fair Maid of Dunsmore, as a warning to all Maids to have a care how they yield to the wanton delights of young Gallants.

The tune is, Diana.

IN Warwickshire there stands a down,
And Dunsmore-heath it hath to name,
Adjoining to a Country Town,
made famous by a maidens name,
Fair Isabel she named was,
A shepherds daughter as some say,
To Wigmores ears her fame did pass,
as he in Warwick Castle lay.
Poor love-sick Lord immediately,
Upon her fame set his delight,
And thought much pleasure sure did lye,
possessing of so fair a wight:
Therefore to Dunsmore did repair,
To recreate his sickly mind,
Where in a summers evening fair,
his chance was Isabel to find.
She sat amidst a Meadow green.

Most richly spread with smelling flowers,
And by a River she was seen,
to spend away some evening hours,
There laid this maiden all alone,
Washing her feet in secret wise,
Which Virgin fair to look upon
did much delight his loving eyes.
She thinking not to be espy'd,
And laid from her her Country tire,
The tresses of her hair unty'd,
hung glistering like the golden wire.
And as the flakes of winter Snow,
That lye unmelted on the Plains,
So white her body was in show,
like silver springs did run her veins.
He ravisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
that never thought they had their fill.
She blinded their affections so,
That reasons rules were led away,
And love the coals of lust did blow,
which to a fire flamed high.
And though he knew the sin was great,
It burned so within his breast,
With such a vehement scorching heat,
that none but she could lend him rest.
Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in lust,

By liking of this dainty Dame,
He call'd a ſervant of great trult,
inquiring ſtraight what was her name:
She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a Shepherds daughter as you ſee,
And with her Father leads her life,
whoſe dwellings by theſe paſtures be.
Her name is Iſabel the fair.
Then ſtay quoth he and ſpeak no more,
But to my Caſtle ſtraight her bear,
her ſight hath wounded me full ſore.
Thus to Lord Wigmore ſhe was brought,
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his ſuit ſuch means he wrought,
that he entic'd her to his bed.
This being done, incontinent
She did return from whence ſhe came,
And every day ſhe did invent
to cover her received ſhame.
But ere three months were fully paſt,
Her crime committed plain appears,
Unto Lord Wigmore then in haſt,
ſhe long complain'd with weeping tears.

The complaint of fair Iſabel, for the loſs of her honour, at the end whereof ſhe ſlew her ſelf.

To the ſame tune.

LOrd Wigmore thus I have defil'd,

And spotted my pure Virgins bed,
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
to which vile folly you me led.
For now this deed that I have wrought,
Throughout the Country well is known,
And to my woefull parents brought,
who now for me do make great moan.
How shall I look them in the face,
When they my shameless self shall see?
O cursed Eve I feel thy case,
when thou hadst tasted on the tree,
Thou hidst thy self and so must I,
But God thy trespass quickly found,
No darks may hide me from Gods eye,
but leave my shame still to abound.
Wide open are mine eyes to look,
Upon my sad and heavy sin:
And quite unclasped is the book,
where my accounts are written in.
This sin of mine deserveth death,
But judge Lord Wi more I am she,
For I have trod a Strumpets path,
and for the same I needs must dye.
Be spotted with reproachful shame,
To Ages following shall I be,
And in Records be writ my blame,
Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.
Lord Wigmore prostrate at thy feet,

I crave my juſt deſerved Doom,
That death may cut off from the root
this body, bloſſome, branch, and bloom.
Let modeſty accurſe this crime,
Let Love and Law and Nature ſpeak,
Was ever any wretch yet ſeen
that in one inſtant all did break?
Then Wigmore juſtice on me ſhew,
For thus conſenting to the act,
Give me my death, for that is due
to ſuch as ſin in ſuch a fact.

O that the womb had been my grave,
Or I had periſht in my birth,
O that ſame day may darkneſs have,
wherein I firſt drew vital breath.
Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the Sun upon it ſhine,
Let miſty darkneſs on it fall,
for to make known this ſin of mine.
The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurſt with mournful cryes,
Let twinkling Stars from ſky bereav'd,
and clouds of darkneſs thereon riſe
Becauſe they ſhut not up their powers,
That gave the paſſage to my life.
Come ſorrow finiſh up my hours,
and let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,
A knife she snatched from her side,
There Lucrece part was rightly shown,
for with the same fair Isabel dy'd.
Whereat Lord Wigmore grieved sore,
A heart repenting his amiss,
And after would attempt no more
to crop the flower of Maidens bliss.
But lived long in woful wise,
Till death did finish up his dayes,
And now in Isabels grave he lyes,
till Judgement comes them both to raise.

A Song of Sir Richard Whittington, who by strange fortunes came to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, with his bountiful gifts and liberality given to this honourable City.

The Tune is, Dainty come thou to me.

HEre must I tell the praise
of worthy Whittington:
known to be in his days,
thrice Lord Mayor of London:
But of poor Parentage
born was he as we hear,
And in his tender age,
bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly

Poorly to London then
came up this ſimple Lad,
Where with a Merchant-man,
ſoon he a dwelling had,
And in a kitchin plac'd,
a ſcullion for to be,
Whereas long time he paſt,
in labour drudgingly.

His dayly ſervice was
turning ſpits at the fire,
And to ſcoure pots of braſs,
for a poor ſcullions hire:
Meat and drink all his pay,
of coyn he had no ſtore,
Therefore to run away
in ſecret thought he bore.

So from the Merchant-man,
Whittington ſecretly,
Towards his Country ran
to purchaſe liberty:
But as he went along
In a fair ſummers morn,
Londons bells ſweetly rung,
Whittington back return.

Evermore ſounding ſo,
turn again Whittington,

For

For thou in time shalt grow,
Lord Mayor of London.
Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
Apprentice to remain,
as the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells,
this was his dayly song,
They my good Fortune tells,
most sweetly have they rung,
If God so favor me,
I will not prove unkind,
London my love shall see,
and my large bounties find.

But see this happy chance,
this Scullion had a Cat,
Which did his state advance,
and by it wealth he gat:
His Master ventured forth,
to a Land far unknown.
With Merchandize of worth,
as is in stories shown.

Whittington had no more,
but this poor Cat as than,
Which to the Ship he bore,

like

like a brave valiant man:
venturing the ſame, quoth he,
I may get ſtore of Gold,
and Mayor of London be
as the bells have me told.

Whittingtons Merchandize
carried to a land,
troubled with Rats and Mice,
as they did underſtand.
The King of that country there,
as he at dinner ſate
Daily remain'd in fear
of many a Mouſe and Rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay
no way they could keep ſafe,
but by Rats born away
fearing no wand or ſtaffe.
Whereupon ſoon they brought
Whittingtons nimble Cat,
which by the King was bought,
heaps of Gold given for that.

Home again came theſe men,
with their ſhips laden ſo,
Whittingtons wealth began
by this Cat thus to grow.

Sculions

Scullions life he forsook,
to be a Merchant good,
And soon began to look,
how well his credit stood.

After that he was chose,
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose,
higher as did appear.
For to this Cityes praise,
Sir Richard Whittington,
Came to be in his days,
thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
thousands he lent his King
To maintain wars in France,
glory from thence to bring:
And after at a Feast,
which he the King did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
and would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave,
to his Prince willingly,
And would no penny have
for this kind courtesie:
As God thus made him great

ſo he would dayly ſee
y people fed with meat,
to ſhew his charity.

iſoners poꝛ cherisht were,
widows ſweet comfoꝛt found,
oꝛ deeds both far and neer,
of him do ſtill reſound.
hittingtons Colledge is,
one of his charities,
ecoꝛds repoꝛteth this,
to laſting memoꝛies.

ewgate he builded fair,
foꝛ Pꝛiſoners to lye in,
hriſt-Church he did repair
Chriſtian love foꝛ to win.
any moꝛe ſuch like deeds,
were done by Whittington,
which joy and comfoꝛt bꝛeeds,
to ſuch as look theꝛeon.

ancaſhire thou haſt bꝛed,
this flower of charity.
hough he be dead and gone,
yet lives he laſtingly.
hoſe bells that call'd him ſo,
turn again Whittington,

Call

Call you him back no more,
To live so in London.

The Life and Death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end for consenting to the disposing of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the fourths children.

The tune is Shores Wife.

A Tale of grief I must unfold
A Tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pity move
The Spirits below and Saints above.

When wars did plague this Maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did stand,
With Kings and Queens he rule so,
When he said I, none durst say no.

Great Glosters Duke that washt the Throne
With blood of Kings to make his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reason will'd to be refrain'd.

If any Noble of this Land,
Against great Glosters aym did stand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

He

hop'd when Richard was made King,
would much greater honours bring
Buckingham and to his name,
well reward him for the ſame.

Clarence death he had a hand,
'gainſt K. Edwards Queen did ſtand,
to her Sons bore little love,
hen he as baſtards would them prove.

ing Edward ſwore him by his Oath,
true allegiance to them both,
hich if I fail, I wiſh quoth he,
Chriſtians curſe may light on me.

ſo fell out on all-Souls day,
Law his life was ta'ne away;
had his wiſh, though not his will,
treaſons end is alwayes ill.

London having pleaded claim,
Richard thereby won the game,
challenged honour for his gain,
was rewarded with diſdain.

which diſgrace within few hours,
eat Buckingham had rais'd his powers:
all in vain, the King was ſtrong,

And

And Stafford needs must suffer wrong.

His army fail'd and durst not stand,
Upon a Traytors false command,
Being thus deceiv'd old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The King with speed to have him found,
Did offer full two thousand pound,
Thus Richard sought to cast him down,
Whose wit did win him Englands Crown.

The Plain old Duke his life to save,
Of his own man did succour crave;
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much Land to him did give.

Base Banister this man was nam'd,
By this vile deed for ever sham'd.
It is quoth he a common thing,
To injure him that wrong'd his King.

King Edwards Children he betrayed,
The like against him I will have plaid;
Being true, my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving false that love is past.

Thus Banister his master sold

Unto his foe the hire of gold,
But mark his end and rightly see,
The just reward of treachery.

The Duke by Law did lose his head,
For him they sought to do most good,
The man that wrought his masters woe,
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the King did hear him speak,
How basely he the Duke did take,
Instead of Gold gave him disgrace,
With banishment from Town to place.

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread bestow,
That to his master prov'd a foe.

Thus wandring in this poor estate,
Repenting his misdeed too late,
Till starved he gave up his breath,
By no man pitied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Sore punisht for their fathers shame:
Within a kennel one was drown'd,
Where water scarce could hide the ground:

Another by the powers divine,
Was strangely eaten up of swine:
The last a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and see,
And such as false to masters be,
Let disobedient sons draw near,
These judgements well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,
Look to be plagu'd from heaven or hell.
So have you heard the story than
Of this great Duke of Buckingham.

The woful death of Queen Jane, wife to King Henry the eighth, and how King Edward was cut out of his mothers belly.

The tune is, The Lamentation of the Lord of Essex.

WHen as King Henry rul'd this Land
He had a Queen I understand,
Lord Seimors daughter fair and bright,
King Henries comfort and delight:
Yet death by his remorseless power,
Did blast the blom of his sweet flower.

Oh

Oh mourn, &c.

His former Queens being wrapt in lead,
This Gallant Dame poſſeſt his bed.
Where rightly from her womb did ſpring
A joyful comfort to her King,
A welcome bleſſing to the Land,
Preſerv'd by Gods moſt holy hand.
Oh mourn, &c.

The Queen in travel pained ſore
Full thirty woful days and more,
And no way could delivered be,
As every Lady wiſht to ſee.
Wherefore the King made greater moan,
Than ever yet his Grace had ſhown.
Oh mourn, &c.

Being ſomething eaſed in his mind.
His eyes a ſlumbering ſleep did find,
Where dreaming he had loſt a Roſe,
But which he could not well ſuppoſe,
A Ship he had a Roſe by name,
Oh no it was his Royal Jane.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane your Queen, &c.

Being thus perplext with grief and care,
A Lady to him did repair,
And said, O King, shew us thy will,
The Queens sweet life to save or spill,
If she cannot delivered be,
Yet save the flower though not the tree.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a sleep they cast
His Queen, which evermore did last,
And opening then her tender womb
Alive they took this budding bloom.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought
And chear'd his Fathers drooping thought.
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with vertue, wit and fame,
And when his Father left this earth,
He rul'd this Land by lawfull birth.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane your Queen, &c.

But

But mark the powerfull will of heaven,
We from his joy were soon bereaven,
Four years he reigned in this Land,
And then obeyed Gods command.
And left his Crown to Mary here,
Whose five years reign cost England dear,
Oh mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Europes pride and Englands star,
Wonder of the world, for such a Queen
Under heaven was never seen,
A Maid, a Saint and Angel bright,
In whom all Princes took delight.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies,
Elizabeth the flower of England's dead,

A short and sweet sonnet made by one of the Maids of honour; upon the death of Elizabeth, which she sewed upon a sampler in red silk.

The tune is, Phillida flouts me.

I One is Elizabeth,
I Whom we have lov'd so dear,
Our kind mistris was,
full four and forty year.

England she govern'd well
not to be blamed,
Flanders she govern'd well,
and Ireland famed,
France she befriended,
Spain she had foyled,
Papists rejected,
and the Pope spoyled.
To Princes powerful,
to the world vertuous,
To her foes merciful,
to Subjects gracious.
Her Soul is in heaven,
the world keeps her glory,
Subjects her good deeds,
and so ends my story.

The life and death of famous Lord Stukely an English gallant in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his days in a battel of three Kings in Barbary.

The tune is King Henries going to Bullen.

IN the west of England,
Born there was I understand,
a famous gallant in his dayes,
By birth a wealthy Clothiers son,
deeds of wonder he hath done,

to

to purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe.

If I ſhould tell this ſtory,
Pride was all his Glory,
And luſty Stukely he was call'd in Court,
He ſerv'd a Biſhop of the Weſt,
And did accompany the beſt,
maintaining ſtill himſelf in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſteemed,
And every where well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Courtis he was called than,
to whom a ſuitor gallantly he came.

When he her perſon ſpyed,
He could not be denyed,
ſo brave a gentleman he was to ſee.
She was quickly made his Wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
her father willingly did ſo agree.

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
Full many days they meaſure,
till cruel death with his regardleſs ſpight,
Bore old Courtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wiſht to have,

that he might rebel all in gold of bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely presumed
to spend a hundred pound that day in wast,
The bravest gallants in the Land,
Had Stukelys purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he past,

Taverns and Ordinaries
Were his chiefest braveries,
golden Angels there flew up and down,
Ryots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night:
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting Land and living,
By this lawless giving,
at last he sold the pavements of his yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Courtil left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you heard.

Whereat his wife so grieved,
Desir'd to be relieved,
make much of me dear husband she did say:
I'le make much more of thee quoth he,
Than any one shall verily,

I'le

I'le sell thy Cloaths and so will go away.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travel'd into Italy with speed,
There he flourisht many a day,
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Ladies pleasure,
To give him gold and Treasure,
to maintain him in great pomp and fame.
At last came news assuredly
Of a fought battel in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant
Sold both Land and Talent,
to follow Stukely in this famous Fight.
Whereas three Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within the battel shew themselves in Fight.

Stukely and his followers all,
Of the King of Portugal
had entertainmet like to Gentlemen.
The King affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,

and

and boze his Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each King did shew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary,
Portugal with all his train,
Bravely glistring on the plain,
and gave the on set there most valiantly.

The cannons they resounded,
Thundring Drums rebounded,
kill, kill, as then was all the Souldiers cry:
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
The Sun was likewise darkned in the sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but tokens of Gods heavy wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearfull blazing star, know.
whereby these Kings might their misfortunes

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilfull murder, slain,
where fifteen thousand fighting men were
Three kings within this Battel dy'd.
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,

the

the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely ſtood beholding
this bloody ſacrifice of Souls that day.
He fighting ſaid, I woful wight
Againſt my conſcience here do fight,
and brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus moleſted,
And with grief oppreſſed,
thoſe brave Italians that did ſell their lands,
With Stukely thus to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murthering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with ſorrow ſounded,
and to them all he made this heavy moan:
Thus have I left my Country deal.
To be ſo vilely murthered here,
even in this place whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged
I vainly ſpent in idle courſe of life:
What I have done is paſt I ſee,
And bringeth nought but grief to me,

therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,
And death I feel presumeth
to change this life of mine into a new,
Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in love of Kings,
and so brave Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a Souldier buried gallantly,
Where now there stands upon his grave,
A stately Temple builded brave,
with golden Turrets piercing to the sky.

A most royal Song of the life and death of our late renowned Princess Queen Elizabeth.

The tune is, the Ladies fall.

IN England reigned once a King,
eighth Henry call'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bulloin Queen
of England in great fame:
Who brought unto this Country joy,
and to her King delight.
A daughter that in England made

Gods

Gods Goſpel ſhine moſt bright.

At Greenwich was the Princeſs born,
that gallant place in Kent,
A houſe belov'd of Kings and Queens,
a houſe of ſweet content.
Even in her child-hood ſhe began,
ſo ſtor'd with heavenly grace,
That all eſtates both high and low,
her vertues did imbrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
in learning ſo Divine,
She had the perfect skilfull art,
of all the Muſes nine:
In Latine, Greek, and Hebrew ſhe
moſt excellent was known,
To foreign Kings Ambaſſadors,
the ſame was dayly ſhown.

The Italian, French, and Spaniſh tongue,
ſhe well could ſpeak or read,
The Turkiſh and Arabian ſpeech,
grew perfect at her need.
The muſick made her wonderfull,
ſo cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
in Princes ears did ſound.

Yet when her Royal parents lives
by death were tane away,
And her dear brother Edward turn'd
to clods of earth and clay.
Her cruel sister Mary sought
her lasting grief and wo,
Regarding not the gifts which God
upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign Queen Mary liv'd,
a Papist in belief,
Which was unto Elizabeth
a great heart-breaking grief.
A faithful Protestant she was,
at which Queen Mary spighted,
And in Elizabeths mishaps
she daily much delighted.

Poor maiden by the Bishops wills,
in prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters,
in cruel manner shut.
Much hoping she would turn in time,
and her true faith forsake.
But firm she was, and patiently
did all these troubles take.

Her sister forthwith gave command,

her dyet to be ſmall,
r ſervants likewiſe very few,
yea almoſt none at all,
o alſo would have tane her life,
but that King Philip ſaid,
Queen thy country will report,
thou haſt the Tyger plaid.

he Lord thus put the King in mind
his choſen Saint to ſave,
o alſo to Queen Maries life
a ſudden ending gave,
o ſo Elizabeth was fetcht
from priſon to a crown,
hich ſhe full four and forty years,
poſſeſt with great renown.

e Popery firſt of all ſuppreſt,
nd in our Engliſh tongue,
o cauſe Gods Bible to be read,
which heaven continue long.
re preaching likewiſe ſhe ordain'd,
ith plenty in this Land,
o ſtill againſt the foes thereof,
moſt zealouſly did ſtand.

e pride of Rome this Queen abates,
nd ſpightful Spain keeps under,

And succour'd much low Country States,
whereat the world did wonder,
That such a worthy Queen as she
should work such worthy things,
And bring more honour to this Land,
than all our former Kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines
in spight of all our foes
Throughout all parts of Christendome,
her brave adventure shows.
Her battels fought upon the Seas,
resounded up to heaven,
Which to advance her fame and praise,
had victory still given.

The Spanish power in eighty eight,
which thirsted for her blood,
Most nobly like an Amazon,
their purposes withstood,
And boldly in her Royal Camp,
in person she was seen,
The like was never done I think,
by any English Queen.

Full many a Traytor since that time,
she hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all

her

her courage could affright,
For mercy joyn'd with Majesty
still made her Foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deserv'd
to have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout
of Rebels in that Land,
Though ne'r so desperate, bold and stout,
yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble sore
but for to hear her name,
She planted peace in that fair Land,
and did their wildness tame.

Though wars she kept with dangers great,
in Ireland, France and Spain:
yet her true subjects still at home,
in safety did remain:
They joy'd to see her Princely face,
and would in numbers run
To meet her Royal Majesty,
more thick than Motes in Sun.

But time that brings all things to end,
a swift foot course did run:
And of this Royal Maiden Queen,
a woful conquest won.

Her death brought fear upon the Land,
no words but tales of woe
In subjects ears resounded then,
where ever men did goe.

But fear exchang'd to present joyes,
sweet comforts loud did ring,
Instead of Queen the people cry'd,
long live our Royal King.
Which name of King did seem most strange
and made us for to muse:
Because full many a year the name
of King we did not use.
But such a noble King is he,
and so maintains our peace,
That we in that may dayly wish,
his life may never cease.
Our hopefull and most Royal Prince
good Angels still defend,
This is my Muses chief desire,
her melodie to end.

A Song of a King and a Beggar.

I Read that once in Africa,
a Prince that there did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
as Poets they did feign:

From natures Laws he did decline,
For ſure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for Woman-kind,
but did them all diſdain:
But mark what hapned on a day,
As he out of his windowe lay,
He ſaw a Beggar all in Gray,
which did increaſe his pain.

The blinded Boy that ſhoots ſo trim,
from heaven ſoon did hie,
He drew a Dart and ſhot at him,
in place where he did lye:
Which ſoon did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the Arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did ſtick,
he look'd as he would dye.
What ſudden change is this (quoth he)
That I to Love muſt ſubject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
but ſtill did it deny?

Then from the windowe he did come,
and laid him on his bed,
A thouſand heaps of cares did run
within his troubled head:
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he ſeeks which way to prove,

How he his Fancy might remove,
and not this Beggar wed,
But Cupid did him so insnare,
That this poor Beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
or else he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,
he thought for to devise
How he might have her company.
that so did maze his eyes:
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my Wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
the gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his Palace gate he goes,
Full little then this Beggar knows,
when she the King espies.

The Gods preserve your Majesty,
the Beggars all began to cry,
Vouchsafe to give your Charity,
our Children food to buy.
The King to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great hast,
The silly woman was the last,
that after them did hie.

The King he call'd her back again,
And unto her he gave his Chain,
And ſaid, with us thou ſhalt remain,
till ſuch time as I dye.

For ſurely thou ſhalt be my Wife,
and honoured like the Queen,
With thee I mean to lead my life,
as ſhortly ſhall be ſeen.
Our wedding ſhall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree;
Come on quoth he and follow me,
thou ſhalt go ſhift thee clean.
What is thy name, go on quoth he.
Penolophon, O King quoth ſhe;
With that ſhe made a low courteſie,
a trim one as I ween.
Thus hand in hand along they walk
unto the Kings Palace,
The King with courteous comely talk
this Beggar doth imbrace:
The Beggar bluſhed Scarlet red,
And ſtraight again as pale as lead,
ſhe was in ſuch a maze:
At laſt ſhe ſpake with trembling voice
And ſaid, O King I do rejoyce,
That you will take me for your choice,
and my degree's ſo baſe.

And when the wedding day was come,
the King commanded straight
The Noblemen both all and some,
upon the Queen to wait:
And she behav'd her self that day,
As if she had never walkt that way,
She had forgot her gown of Gray,
which she did wear of late:
The proverb old is come to pass,
The Priest when he begins his Mass,
Forgets that ever Clerk he was,
he know'th not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua
through fancy long time fed,
Compelled by the blinded Boy,
the Beggar for to wed:
He that did Lovers looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slain,
in stories as We read:
Disdain no whit, O Lady dear,
But pity now thy servant here,
Lest that it hap to thee this year,
as to that King it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
during their Princely raign,

And in a Tomb were buried both,
as Writers shew us plain:
The Lords they took it grievously,
The Ladies took it heavily,
The Commons cryed pitiously,
their death to them was pain,
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did fly
to every Princes Realm.

A Lovers Song in praise of his Mistris.

To the tune of Apelles.

IF that Apelles now did raign,
who ever sought for to have fame,
he might have won with lesser pain
a greater honour to his name,
For with great pain he sought all Greece
Till he had found the fairest piece.

Throughout all Greece he could not view
so fair, so soft, so fine withall,
Nor yet his pencill ever drew
so fair a piece, nor ever shall.
Wherefore if he had seen these days,
He might have won a greater praise.

O happy man might he have said,
if he had lived to this time,
For to have seen so fair a Maid,
in all proportion made so fine,
Her fulgent face so fair, so clear,
That Europe cannot shew her peer.

Pigmalion with his gravers then,
could never work so fair a piece,
Nor yet Apelles in his time,
did ever see the like in Greece;
For if he had he would have said,
That Venus was not like this maid.

She is a graft of noble growth
and worthy is she of her fame
For why her vertue plainly show'th,
that well she hath deserv'd the same.
Wherefore my painfull pen always
Shall never cease to write her praise.

Oh that my pen could Print her praise,
according to her just desert,
That I may say and see those dayes,
that I desired with my heart,
For still I thought and ever shall
My Mistris praise might pass them all.

Now proof and praise in one is knit,

and

and hath blown to praiſe this maid,
And juſtice doth in judgment ſit,
For to perform what you have ſaid:
Thus to conclude, an end to make,
Unto the Gods I her betake.

Another.

To a new Tune.

THe Bee doth love the ſweeteſt flower,
So doth the bloſſom the April ſhower,
And I do love that Lady truly,
Why ſhould not I love her that loves me?
The Bird doth love the morning bright,
To ſee the day is her delight,
And I do love to ſee her face,

In whom that I do love is my ſolace.
The Fiſh doth love the Floods by kind,
For want of them they are but pin'd,
And I do love her preſence alſo.
Whom I do love and love no moe:
The Leopard doth love to lye and prey
Upon the faces that go him by,
And I do love to look and gaze,
Upon my true loves pleaſant face.

The Deer doth love in Woods to dwell,

As

As I to you the truth shall tell,
And I do love as doth the Deere,
Oh where I love, would that I were!
Troilus that Lord with all his might,
Chryseid of Troy that was so bright,
And I do love as far as he,
And ever shall until I dye.

A servant's sorrow for the loss of his late Royall Mistriss, Queen Anne, who deceased at Hampton Court, the second of March, 1618.

The tune is, In sad and Ashey weeds.

IN dole and deep distress
poor soul I sighing make my moan,
A doom of heavinels
constrains my heavy heart to groan.
Then hapless I
that thus must cry
Against those sisters three,
which to my pain,
her life have tane,
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourn,

my

my Princes absence to condole
who never can return
unto my sad forsaken soul.
yet will I show
the grounds of woe,
if such as mourners be,
for sorrowing care
will be my share,
when none will comfort me.

My golden Sun is fled,
and clearest day beset with clouds,
hollow sheet of Lead
my late beloved Princes shrouds.
for whose sweet sake
this moan I make,
as all the world may see,
there is no joy,
but in annoy,
then who can comfort me?

With grief I walke away,
remembring of my gracious Quean
the servants all may say,
and witness well what she hath been,
a Princess kind,
of royal mind,
adorn'd with courtesie,

but

but now a grave
Her Grace will have,
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my irefull cryes
to sadnes Court and Country move,
No mourning may suffice
to tell my dear affecting love,
nor woulds of woe,
cannot well show,
The griefs that setled be
within my breft,
so much distrest,
So none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be store
of Kings, of States, and Princes high
Who sadly do deplore
the want of that sweet Majesty:
who spent her days,
in vertuous ways,
And doing good, we see:
her liberal hand
adorn'd this Land
Which much doth comfort me.

My Soveraign Lord King James
lamenting moans his Turtle Dear,

And

Princely Charles out-ſtreams
full many a ſad and ſorrowfull tear,
ſo as that race
of Royall Grace
and blooms of Majeſty,
conjoyn in one,
for to make moan,
yet none will comfort me.

The Palſgrave of the Rhine,
with Denmarks moſt true honoured King,
into ſad ſorrows ſhrine,
ſome ſacrificing tears will bring:
Elizabeth,
thy Mothers death
a mournfull news will be,
to fill thoſe Courts with ſad reports,
yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
and German Princes of her kin,
poſſeſt with ſorrow ſtand,
and ſadly thus their grief begin:
Farewell, adiew,
ſweet Queen ſo true,
Thy life much miſt will be;
for Rich and Poor
fed on thy ſtore,

But

But now none comforts me.

Where e're her highnes went,
sweet bounty frankly she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her lent,
unto the world she nobly show'd:
with many wayes
advanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she,
the which did move
all men to love,
But now none comforts me.

Your Ladies fair and fine,
attendants on this Royal Queen,
Her grace is made Divine
on this dull earth not to be seen,
her soul is flown
up to the Throne
Where Angels reigning be,
whilst I aspire
to vain desire,
For now none comforts me.

Oh blessed be that mould
which shall contain so sweet a prize,
keep safe the same inroll'd,
untoucht, unseen by mortall eyes:

till

till from this Earth
a ſecond birth
Of newneſs framed be,
and till that hour
preſerve this flower,
Whoſe goodneſs comforts me.

A Queen and Mother dear.
a wife, a Daughter to a King,
A Sister Royall here,
and Grandam as renown doth ring:
which rich born fame
hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
yet after days
ſhall ſound her praiſe,
Which greatly comforts me.

The good Shepherd's ſorrow for the death of his beloved Son.

To an excellent new Tune.

IN ſad and aſhy weeds
I ſigh, I pine, I grieve, I mourn,
My Oats and yellow Reeds
I now to Jeat and Ebon turn,

my

my turgid eyes,
like winter skyes,
My furrowed cheeks ozeflow,
all Heaven knows why
men mourn as I,
And who can blame my woe?

In sable Robes of night,
my dayes of joy apparel'd be
My sozrows see no light,
my light through sozrows nothing see,
foz now my sun
his date hath run,
And from his Sphere doth go,
to endless bed
of folded Lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I now fozsake,
that silly sheep my grief may know,
And lillies loath to take,
that since his fall pzesume to grow:
I envy ayr,
because it dare,
Still breath, and be not so,
hate earth that doth
intombe his youth,
And who can blame my woe?

How I poor lad alone,
(alone how can such sorrow be)
Not only men make moan,
but more than men make moan with me:
the Gods of Greens,
the Mountain Queens,
The Fairy circled Row,
the Muses nine,
the Nymphs divine,
All all condole my woe.

You awfull gods of skies,
if Shepherds may you question thus:
What Ditty to supply,
took you this Gentle Star from us?
is Hermes fled:
is Cupid dead:
Doth Sol his seat forgoe:
or Jove his Joy,
he stole from Troy;
Or who hath fram'd this woe?

Did not mine eyes, O Heaven,
adore your light as well before:
But that amidst you seven,
you fixed have one Planet more:
you may well raise
now double dayes

On this sad Earth below,
your powers have won
another Sun,
And who can blame our woe?

At your great hands I ask
this boon which you may easily grant,
That till my utmost mask
of death I still may moan his want,
Since his divine
parts with you shine
Too bright for us below,
and earths sad breast
entombs the rest,
Yet mine is all the woe.

Corydon's Comfort.

The Second Part of the good Shepherd.

To the same Tune.

PEace shepherd, cease to moan,
in vain is all this grief and woe,
For him that's from us gone,

and

and can alack return no more,
but yet indeed
the Datem Rose
and mirth thou lacst dost know,
I blame thee not
if now forgot,
who can blame my woe.

The breath had once a sound
harmonious, is in sighing spent;
The Temples once were bound
with chaplets, of a pleasant scent,
now Cypress weeds
thy grief and care
all the words of thine,
the pipe so sweet,
thy lips so meet,
who can blame thy woe?
The murmur of the brook
hath been delightful to thy ear,
such pleasure hast thou took
sweet Philomela's note to hear;
to see that quire
from bush to bryer
leap lightly to and fro,
the Summers Dainties,
attir'd in green,
but now 'tis nothing so.

To see the Queen of flowers,
when hoary Hyems part is done,
Deck up those Summer Bowers,
defend us from the parching Sun:
to see the ground
embroidered round,
And every tree to show
his vivid dye
hath pleas'd thine eye,
But now 'tis nothing so.

Too well I know thy sheep
at random graze upon the plain:
Grief lulls thee now asleep,
and now thou walk'st to grief again:
asleep awake,
for his dear sake,
Some sign of sorrow show:
no bed of rest
can ease thy brest,
And who can blame thy woe?

No man, the man that knew
for whom our fainting bodies wear
These robes of saddest hue,
and woes more black imbrested bear,
can well forbear
to shed a tear,

Griefs ſtill will overflow,
pale ſorrows rude
hath ſtill ſuch force,
Then who can blame my woe?

Then woes I cannot blame
but in ſorrows bear a part,
yet now to patience frame,
and ſee the ſalve cures all our ſmart:
this bud is dead,
is gone, is fled,
But in his place doth grow,
a Flower as fair,
as freſh as rare,
And he cures all our woe.

A mournfull Ditty for the death of the fair Roſamond, King Henry the ſeconds Concubine.

To the Tune of Flying Fame.

WHen as King Henry rul'd this Land,
The ſecond of that name,
Beſides the Queen he dearly lov'd
A fair and Princely Dame:
Moſt peerleſs was her beauty found,
Her Favour and her Grace,

A sweeter creature in the world
did never Prince embrace.
Her crispèd locks like threds of Gold,
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like Orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her Crystal cheeks
did such a colour drive,
As though the Lily and the Rose,
for Mastership did strive.
Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elianor our Queen,
Was known a mortal foe.
The King therefore for her defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen.
Most curiously this Bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this Bower belong:
And they so cunningly contrivèd
With turnings round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Ladies sake
that was so fair and bright,

The keeping of this Bower he gave
unto a valiant Knight:
But fortune that doth often frown
where ſhe before did ſmile,
The Kings delight, the Ladies joy,
Full ſoon ſhe did beguile.
For why the Kings ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Againſt his Father raiſed wars,
within the Realm of France:
But yet before our comely King
the Engliſh Land forſook,
Of Roſamand, his Lady fair,
his laſt farewell he took,
O Roſamond the only Roſe,
that pleaſeth beſt mine eye,
The fairеſt Roſe in all the world
to feed my fantaſie:
The flower of mine affected heart,
whoſe ſweetneſs doth excell,
My Royal Roſe a thouſand times,
I bid thee now farewell.
For I muſt leave my fancies flower,
my ſweeteſt Roſe a ſpace,
And croſs the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abaſe.
But yet my Roſe be ſure thou ſhalt
my coming ſhortly ſee,

And in my heart while hence I am,
I'l bear my Rose with me.
When Rosamond that Lady bright
Did hear the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart
Her outward part did show,
And from her clear and Crystal eyes
The tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew
ran down her comely face.
Her lips like to a Coral red.
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital Spirits did fail:
And falling down all in a swound,
Before King Henries face,
Full oft within his Princely arms,
her corps he did imbrace.
And twenty times with watery eyes,
he kist her tender cheek,
Untill he had reviv'd again
her senses mild and meek:
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose,
the King did often say,
Because, quoth she, to bloody wars
My Lord must part away.
But sith your Grace in forreign Coasts,
among your foes unkind,

Muſt go to hazard life and Limb,
why ſhould I ſtay behind?
Nay rather let me like a Page,
your Shield and Target bear,
That on my breaſt the blow may light,
that ſhould annoy you there.
O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your bed at night,
And with ſweet Baths refreſh your Grace
at your return from fight:
So I your preſence may enjoy,
No toyl I will refuſe,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuſe.
Content thy ſelf my deareſt Friend,
Thy reſt at home ſhall be,
In Englands ſweet and pleaſant ſoyl,
For travel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies brook no bloody wars,
ſweet peace their pleaſures breed,
The nourithers of their hearts content,
which fancy firſt doth feed.
My Roſe doth reſt in Woodſtock Bower,
with Muſicks ſweet delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes
againſt my Foes do fight:
My Roſe in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight

Shall

Shall dance the Galliards of my love
whilst I my foes do smite.
And you Sir Thomas whom I trust
to be my Loves defence.
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence:
And therewithall he fetch'd a sigh,
as though his heart would break,
And Rosamond for very grief
not one plain word could speak.
And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore,
After that day fair Rosamond
did see the King no more.
For when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elianor with envious heart
in Woodstock came anon:
And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower,
Who with his twined clew of thread,
came from that famous flower:
And when that they had wounded him,
the Queen this thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angel set.
But when the Queen with stedfast eyes
beheld her heavenly face,

She

She was amazed in her mind
at her exceeding grace:
Cast off thy Robes from thee she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drink thee of this deadly draught
which I have brought for thee.
But presently upon her knee
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd
for her offences all:
Take pitty of my youthfull years,
Fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with poyson strong
enforced be to die:
I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a Cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht if you please,
to range the world so wide:
And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life and punish me
as you think good to do:
And with these words her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there,
And down along her lovely cheeks
proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be.

The Cup of deadly poison fill'd,
as she sat on her knee,
She gave that comely Dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knees arose,
And on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyson strong,
her life she lost withall.
And when that death through every limb
Had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
She was a glorious Wight:
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away
At Godstow near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.

A most rare and excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolks calamity.

To the tune of Queen Dido.

WHen God had taken for our sin
that prudent Prince K. Ed. away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin,

his

his raging malice to bewray
those that did Gods word profess,
& persecuted more or less.

Thus while the Lord did on us lower,
many in prison he did throw,
tormenting them in Lollards Tower,
whereby they might the truth forgoe:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest
were burn'd in fire, who Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with Faggots fill'd,
and many places more beside,
At Coventry was Sanders kill'd,
at Worster the good Hooper dy'd:
And to escape this bloody day
beyond Seas many went away.

Amongst the rest that sought relief,
and for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was the chief,
K. Henries Daughter of Royal blood,
Within the Tower did Prisoner lye,
looking each day when she should dye.

The Dutchess of Suffolk seeing this,
whose life likewise the Tyrant sought,
Then in the hope of heavenly bliss,

within

within Gods Word her comfort wrought
For fear of death was fain to flye,
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
her Lands and Goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious stone,
the Word of truth so fare to find:
She with her Purse, her Husband & Child,
In poor array their sights beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
each one did take a several street,
Thus all unknown escaping wrong,
at Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor in Gravesend Barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend town,
with Journeys short on foot they went,
Unto the Seas coast they came down,
to pass the Seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they took Ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous wind,
in Flanders safe they did arrive:
This was to their great ease of mind,

and

and from their hearts much woe did drive;
So so with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travel'd still disguis'd
upon the High-way suddenly,
By cruel Thieves they were surpriz'd
assaying their small company:
And for their treasure and their store,
They took away and beat them sore.

The Nurse in middle of the fight,
laid down the Child upon the ground,
She run away out of their sight,
and never after that was found:
Then did the Dutchess make great moan,
With her good Husband all alone.

The Thieves had their horses kill'd,
and all their money quite had took,
The pretty Baby almost spoil'd,
was by the Nurse likewise forsook,
And they far from their friends did stand,
All succourless in a strange Land.

The Skies likewise began to scoule,
it hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort;
The way was long and piteous foul,

Then

then may I now full well report
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the Dutchess bore the Child,
as well as ever she could be,
And when the Lady kind and mild
was weary, then the child bore he:
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steps,
all wet-shod both in dirt and mire,
After much grief their heart it leaps,
for labour doth some rest require:
A Town before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
seeking where they that night might lye;
But want of money was their woe,
and still the Babe with cold did cry:
With cap and knee they court'sie make,
But none on them would pity take.

Loe here a Princess of great blood,
doth pray a peasant for relief,
With tears bedewed as she stood,

yet

yet few or none regards her grief;
Her ſpeech they could not underſtand,
But gave her money in her hand.

When all in vain their pains were ſpent,
and that they could not houſe-room get,
Into a Church Porch then they went,
to ſtand out of the rain and wet;
Then ſaid the Dutcheſs to her Dear,
Oh, that we had a Fire here.

Then did her Husband ſo provide,
that Fire and Coals he got with ſpeed,
She ſat down by the Fire ſide,
to dreſs her Daughter that had need;
And whilſt ſhe dreſt it in her Lap,
Her Husband made the Infant Pap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the Fire,
The drunken Knave, all void of ſhame,
to drive them out was his deſire;
And ſpurning forth that Noble Dame,
Her Husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all in fury as he ſtood,
he wrung the Church Keyes out his hand,
And ſtruck him ſo that all of blood

his head ran down where he did stand:
Wherefore the Sexton presently,
For help and aid aloud did cry,

Then came the officers in haste,
and took the Dutchess and her Child,
And with her husband thus they past,
like Lambs beset with Tygers wild:
And to the Governour were brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Master Barlu brave and bold
in Latine made a gallant Speech,
Which all their misery did unfold,
and their high favour did beseech:
With that a Doctor sitting by,
Did know the Dutchess presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with words abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did wait
he thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight quoth he,
A princess of most high degree.

With that the Governour and the rest
were all amaz'd the same to hear,
Who welcomed this new come Guest,

With reverence great and Princely chear,
And afterwards convey'd they were
Unto their friend, Prince Caſſemere.

A Son ſhe had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
of courage great and worthy fame:
Her Daughter young which with her went
Was afterwards Counteſs of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceaſt,
the Dutcheſs home return'd again,
Who was of ſorrow quite releaſt,
by Queen Elizabeths happy reign;
Whoſe godly life and piety
We ſtill may praiſe continually.

The Second Part.

The lamentable fall of the great Dutcheſs of Gloceſter, the Wife to Duke Humfrey; how ſhe did Penance in London ſtreets bare-footed, with a Wax Candle in her hand, and how at laſt ſhe was baniſhed the Land, where in exile, in the Iſle of Man, ſhe ended her dayes in woe.

To the tune of, Fortune my Foe.

I Once a Dutcheſs was of great renown,
My Husband near allied to Englands Crown,
The good Duke Humfrey titled was his name,
Till Fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame,
Henry the fifth, that King of gallant grace,
Of whom my Husband claim'd a Brothers place,
And was protector made of his young Son,
When Princely Henries thred of life was ſpun.

Henry the ſixth, a Child of nine moneths old,
Then rul'd this Land, with all our Barons bold,
And in brave Paris Crowned King of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance:
Then ſway'd Duke Humfrey like a glorious King,
And was Protector over every thing,

Eben

Even as he would pleaſe to his hearts deſire,
But Envy ſoon extinguiſht all his fire.

In height of all his Pompall Majeſty,
From Cobham Houſe with ſpeed he married me;
Fair Elianor, the pride of Ladies all,
In Court and City people did me call.
Then flaunted I in Greenwich ſtately Towers,
My Winters Manſions & my Summers Bowers,
Which gallant Houſe now, ſince thoſe days, hath
The Palace brave of many a King & Queen. (been

The ſilver Thames that ſweetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of Majeſty:
The kind contents, and murmur of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after:
No gallant Dame, nor Lady in this Land,
But much deſired my love to ſtand;
My Golden Pride increaſed day by day,
As though ſuch pleaſures never would decay.

On Gold and Silver Looms my Garments fair,
Were woven ſtill by women, ſtrange and rare,
Imbroidered curiouſly with Pedian Silk,
More white than thiſtle-down, or mornings milk
My Coaches and my ſtately pampred Steeds,
Well furniſht in their Gold betrapped Weeds,
With gentle glidings in the Summer Nights,
Still yielded me the Evenings ſweet delights.

An hundred Gentlemen in purple chains,
As many Virgin Maids were still in trains,
The Queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
For pleasure could not equall this my Story.
But yet at last my golden Sun declined,
And Englands Court at these my joyes repined,
For soon my Husband in his honour'd place,
Amongst the Barons reaped some disgrace.
Which grudge being grown, & sprung up to that (height,
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight,
And then in prison cast good Royal Duke,
Without mis-deed he suffered vile rebuke:
They took from him his great Protectors name,
Through causes which those Peers did falsly frame,
And after overcome with malice deep,
My noble Lord they murthered in his sleep.

The kind young King having thus his Uncle lost,
Was day by day with troubles vext and crost,
For such ambition in the Land then bred,
That from the factious House of York took head;
Oh Kingly Lancaster, my Husband's line,
His death began his fall as well as mine,
For being dead his Livings and his Lands
They seized all into King Henries hands:
And after turn'd me friendless out of doors
To spend my dayes like to a Woman poor.

Discharging

Diſcharging me from all my pompal train,
But Elenor would a Lady ſtill remain.

The noble ſpirit of a Womans will,
Within my breaſt did burn in fury ſtill,
And raging ſo in my revengefull mind,
Till I the murtherers of my Lord did find.
But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no juſtice could by Law take right,
But yet to nouriſh up my thoughts in evil.
I crav'd the help of Hell and of the Devill.

To practiſe Witch-craft then was my intent,
And therefore for the Witch of Ely ſent,
And for old Bullingbrook of Lancaſhire,
Of whom for charms the Land ſtood much in fear;
We ſlept by day, and walkt at midnight hours.
The time that ſpells have force & greateſt powers,
The twilights and the dawning of the morns,
When Elves & Fairies take their gliding forms.

Red ſtreaming blood fell down my azur'd veins
To make Characters in round circled veins,
With dead mens ſculs by brimſtone burned quite,
To raiſe the dreadfull ſhadows of the night:
All this, by black inchanting Arts to ſpill
Their hated bloods that did Duke Humfrey kill,
By Royall Lord, untimely ta'ne from me,
Yet no revengement for him I could ſee.

For by the hand of juſtful dooming Heaven
We were prevented all, and notice given,
How we by Witch-craft ſought the ſpoil of thoſe
That ſecretly had been Duke Humfreys Foes:
Wherefore my two companions for this Crime,
Did ſuffer Death, ere Nature ſpent their time;
Poor Elianor I, becauſe of Noble birth,
Endur'd a ſtranger puniſhment than Death.

It pleaſed ſo the Council of my King,
To be diſrob'd of every gorgeous thing;
My Chains, my Rings, and jewels of ſuch prize,
Were chang'd to rags more baſe than rugged frize:
And by Command along each London ſtreet
To go in Pennance, wrapped in a Sheet,
Bare-footed with a Taper in my hand,
The like did never Lady in this Land.

My feet that lately trod the ſteps of Pleaſure,
Now flinty ſtones ſo ſharp were forc'd to meaſure;
Yet none alive, where I did come or go,
Durſt ſhed one trickling tear at this my woe.
Break heart and die, here ended not my pain,
I judged was an Exile to remain,
And go a baniſht Lady from this place,
Where in my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of thoſe years which God me gave,

Pow;

Poor banisht Elianor spent to find her Grave,
And left this Land, where she was bred and born
In forraign Soyles for her misdeeds to mourn:
The Isle of Man, incompast by the Sea,
To England, named so unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the watry Round,
Till Time & Death found me a burying Ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow thus I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content,
Remembring former joyes of modest life,
Whilst I bore name of good Duke Humfryes wife.
The Isle of Greenwich towers did grieve me sore,
But death of my dear Lord ten thousand more:
Yea all the joyes once in my Bower and Hall,
Are darts of grief to wound me now withall.

Farewel dear friends, farewell my Courtly trains,
My late renown is turn'd to lingring pains,
My melody of Musicks silver sound
Are Snakes and Adders hissing on the ground:
The Downy Bed whereon I lay full oft,
Are Sun-burnt heaps of Mols now seeming soft;
And Waxen Tapers lighting to my Bed,
Be Stars about the silver Moon bespred.

Instead of Wine, I drink of waters clear,
Which payes for my delightful Banquets dear:

Thus

Thus changeth ſtately pomp, and courtly joyes,
When pleaſure endeth with ſuch deep annoyes:
My beauteous cheeks where Cupid danc'd & play'd,
Are wrinkled grown, & quite with grief decay'd;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes ſtark blind,
And all my body altered from her kind.

King out my Knell you birds in top of Sky,
Quite tir'd with woes, here Elenor needs muſt die.
Receive me Earth into thy gentle womb,
A baniſht Lady craves no other tomb.
Thus dy'd the famous dutcheſs of our Land,
Control'd by changing fortunes ſtern command;
Let thoſe that ſit in place of high degree,
Think on their ends, that like to hers may be.

A Courtly new Song, of the princely wooing of the fair Maid of London, by King Edward.

To the tune of, Bonny ſweet Robin.

FAir Angel of England, thy beauty moſt bright
Is all my hearts treaſure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me ſweet Lady, thy true love to be,
That I may ſay, welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle ſo true and chaſt in her Love,

By

By gentle perſwaſions, her fancy will move;
Then be not intreated, ſweet Lady, in vain,
For Nature requireth what I would obtain.

That Phœnix ſo famous, that liveth alone,
Is avowed to Chaſtity, being but one;
But be not, my Darling, ſo chaſt in deſire,
Leſt thou, like the Phœnix, do Penance in fire.

But alas (gallant Lady) I pity thy ſtate,
In being reſolved to live without Mate;
For if of our courting the pleaſures you knew,
You would have a liking the ſame to enſue.

Long time have I ſued the ſame to obtain,
Yet am I requited with ſcornful diſdain;
But if you will grant your good favour to me,
You ſhall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and Honours may often intice
The chaſteſt that liveth, though never ſo nice:
What Woman ſo worthy but will be content
To live in the Palace where Princes frequent?

Two Brides young & Princely to Church have I led,
Two Ladies moſt worthy have decked my bed,
Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart,
Than all their contentment, whereof I had part.

Your

Your gentle hearts can't mens tears much abide,
And women most angry when they least do chide;
Then yield to me kindly and say that at length
Men do want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant, that fair Ladies may poor men resist,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they list.
A King may command her to lye by his side,
Whose feature deserveth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your love, you purchase Renown.
Your head shall be deckt with Engl. fair Crown,
Thy garments so gallant with gold shall be wrought,
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of Honour shall tend on thy train,
Most richly attired with Scarlet in grain;
My chamber most Princely thy person shall keep,
Where Virgins with Musick shall rock thee asleep.

If any more pleasures the heart can invent,
Command them, sweet Lady, thy mind to content:
For Kings gallant Courts, where Princes do dwell,
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true Maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say, welcome sweet Virgin to me.

The

The fair Maiden of Londons Anſwer to King Edwards wanton Love.

To the ſame tune.

O Thy wanton King Edward, 'tis labor in vain
To follow the pleaſures thou canſt not attain;
Which getting thou loſeſt, & having doſt waſt it,
The which if thou purchaſe, is ſpoil'd if thou haſt it.

But if thou obtain'ſt it, thou nothing haſt won,
And I loſing nothing, yet quite am undone:
But if of that Jewel a King do deceive me,
No K. can reſtore, though a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed ſince you ſaw me laſt,
My favour is vaniſht, my beauty is paſt,
The roſie red bluſhes that ſat on my cheeks,
To paleneſs are turn'd, which all men miſlikes.

I paſs not what Princes for Love do protеſt,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me beſt;
I have not deſerved to ſleep by thy ſide,
For to be accounted for King Edwards Bride.

The name of a Princeſs I never did crave,
No ſuch type of Honor thy handmaid will have;

By

My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our sort,
Had never frequented King Henries brave Court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had sorn,
Nor tasted the rage of so jealous a Queen.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent,
They win not a woman, except she consent:
Who then can impute to man any fault,
Who still do goe upright untill woman do hault?

'Tis counted a kindness in men for to try,
And vertue in women the same to deny;
For woman unconstant can never be prov'd,
Untill by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If woman and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name and credit for ever;
And Royall King Edward, let me be exil'd,
Ere any man knows that my bodies defil'd.

No no, my old Fathers reverend tears
Too great an impression within my soul bears;
Nor shall his bright honor that blot by me have,
To bring his gray hairs with grief to the Grave.
The Heavens forbid, that when I shall dye,

That

That any ſuch ſin upon my ſoul lye:
If I have thus kept me from doing this ſin,
My heart ſhall not yield with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weep on my tomb,
Than for my birth curſe my dear mothers womb,
That brought forth a bloſſom which ſtained the tree,
With wanton deſires to ſhame her and me.

Leave me (moſt noble King) tempt not in vain
My milk-white affections with lewdneſs to ſtain;
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England will grant me a ſad buriall.

The Story of ill May-day, in the time of King Henry the Eighth, and why it was ſo called; and how Queen Katherine begged the lives of two thouſand London prentices.

To the tune of, Eſſex good night.

PEruſe the Stories of this Land,
and with adviſement mark the ſame,
And you ſhall juſtly underſtand
how ill May-day firſt got the name.
For when King Henry the eight did reign,
and rul'd our famous Kingdom here,
His Royal Queen he had from Spain,
with whom he liv'd full many a year:

Queen

Quéen Katherine nam'd as ſtories tell,
ſometimes his elder Brothers Wife;
By which unlawfull Marriage fell
an endleſs trouble during life:
But ſuch kind love he ſtill conceiv'd
of his fair Queen and of her Friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
their Journeys fall for England bends.

And with good leave they ſuffered
within our Kingdom here to ſtay,
Which multitude made victuals dear,
and all things elſe from day to day;
For ſtrangers then did ſo increaſe,
by reaſon of King Henries Queen,
And priviledg'd in many a place
to dwell, as was in London ſeen:

Poor Tradeſmen had ſmall dealing then,
and who but Strangers bore the Bell?
Which was a grief to Engliſh men,
to ſee them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God wot) upon May Eve,
as Prentices on Maying went,
Who made the Magiſtrates believe,
at all to have no other intent.

But ſuch a May-game it was known,
as like in London never were:

For

For by the same full many a one,
with loss of life did pay full dear:
For thousands came with Bilbo Blade,
as with an army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
of foreign strangers in the street

That all the channels ran down with blood,
in every street where they remain'd:
yea, every one in danger stood,
that any of their part maintain'd:
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
beyond the Seas though born and bred,
By Prentices they suffered wrong,
when armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
no warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent
what they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henries power
this multitude encompast round,
Where with the strength of Londons Tower
they were by force suppress and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by Martial Law
on Sign-posts at their Masters doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,

And frighted from such loud uproars:
And others which the fact repented,
(two thousand Prentices at least)
Were all unto the King presented,
as Mayor and Magistrates thought best.

Which two and two together tyed,
through Temple-bar, and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tryed,
with ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street,
till then was never heard nor known,
By Mothers for their children sweet,
unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
possest the Court with trembling fear:
Whereat the Queen her self relents,
though it concern'd her Countrey dear:
What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood,
have Londons stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this Countryes good,
and pardon for these young-men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
and say Queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
these young-men did these fortunes find:

And

And ſo diſrob'd from rich attires,
with hairs hang'd down ſhe ſadly hyes,
And of her gracious Lord requires
a boon which hardly he denyes.

The lives (quoth ſhe) of all the blooms
yet budding green, theſe youths I crave;
O let them not have timeleſs Tombs,
for nature longer limits gave:
In ſaying ſo the pearled tears
fell trickling from her Princely eyes:
Whereat his gentle Queen he chears,
and ſayes, ſtand up, ſweet Lady riſe.

The lives of them I freely give,
no means this kindneſs ſhall debar,
Thou haſt thy boon, and they may live,
to ſerve me in my Bullein war:
No ſooner was this pardon given,
but peals of joy rung through the Hall,
As though it thundred down from Heaven,
the Queens renown amongſt them all.

For which (kind Queen) with joyfull heart,
ſhe gave to them both thanks and praiſe,
And ſo from them did gently part,
and liv'd beloved all her dayes:
And when King Henry ſtood in need

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(two thousand Prentices at least)
Were all unto the King presented,
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And ſo from them did gently part,
and liv'd beloved all her dayes:
And when King Henry ſtood in need

of trusty Souldiers at command:
These Prentices prov'd men indeed.
and fear'd no foes of Warlike Band.

For at the siege of Tours in France,
they shew'd themselves brave English men;
At Bullein then they did advance
Saint George's lusty standard then:
Let Turwin, Turney, and those Towns,
that good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's Prentices renowns,
and of their deeds by them there done.

For ill May-day and ill May-Games,
perform'd in young and tender dayes,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
or stains of manhood any wayes:
But now it is ordain'd by Law,
we see on May-dayes Eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
by Londons watch in Armour bright.

Still to prevent the like mistreed,
which once through headstrong young men came,
And that's the cause that I do read,
May-day doth get so ill a name.

The

The life and death of the two Ladies of Finsbury that gave Moor-fields to the City, for the Maidens of London to dry cloaths in:

To the tune of, Where is my true Love.

YOu Gallant London Damſels,
a while to me give ear:
And be you well contented
with what you now ſhall hear.
The deeds of two kind Ladies,
before you ſhall appear,
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

At Finsbury there dwelled
a gallant Noble Knight,
That for the love of Jeſus Chriſt
deſired for to fight:
And ſo unto Jeruſalem
he went in Armour bright,
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

And charged both his Daughters
unmarried to remain,
Till he from bleſſed Paleſtine
returned back again:
And then two loving Husbands
for them he would attain.
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

When he was gone from fair England,
a Knight of Rhodes to be:
His Daughters they were well content,
though born of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate,
of living orderly.
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The eldest of the two was nam'd
fair Mary, as is said:
Who made a secret vow to God,
to live and die a Maid,
And so a true professed Nun
her self with speed array'd.
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Her garments were of mourning black,
befitting her desires:
Where at the house of Bethlehem,
the Abbess she requires,
An entertainment to be made,
to their melodious Quires.
Oh sweet singing Maids so fair.

Where in the Nunnery she remain'd,
beloved many a year:
Still spending day and night in prayers,
for her old father dear;

Re-

Refuſing worldly vanities,
with joy and pleaſant cheer.
Oh heavenly bleſt Maidens ſo fair.

And in the name of Jeſus Chriſt,
a holy Croſs did build,
Which ſome have ſeen at Bedlam gate,
adjoining to Moor field:
Theſe be the bleſſed ſpringing fruits,
that Chaſtity doth yield.
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

If that Englands great royal Queen,
I ſhould be made quoth ſhe,
Not half ſo well contented then,
good Ladies, ſhould I be:
There is no life that's half ſo ſweet
as Virgins life I ſee.
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

Nor will I taſt the joyes of Love
belong to Marriage-bed,
Nor to a King conſent to yield
my blooming Maiden-head:
Till from my father I do hear,
to be alive or dead.
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

So Virgin-like ſhe ſpent her dayes
about this pleaſant ſpring,

And us'd her self from to time
upright in every thing:
Which caus'd the Ladies of this Land
her noble praise to sing,
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The younger of the sisters nam'd
Dame Annis fair and clear,
Who framed there a pleasant well,
by her esteemed dear,
Where wives and maidens daily came
to wash both far and near,
Oh heaven blest Maidens so fair.

In it were all her Earthly Joyes,
her comfort and delight,
About the same remaining still,
with pleasure day and night,
As glorious as the golden sun,
in all his beams so bright.
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The lovely Ladies of the Land
unto Dame Annis went,
Perswading her this single life
was not the best content.
The married sort doth most command,
being still to pleasures bent:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And dayly troops of London Dames
unto her did repair,
With pureſt Lawn and Cambrick fine,
to waſh both clear and fair:
And rich imbroidered furnitures
of Child-bed Linnen rare.
Oh Maid ns of London ſo fair.

Thus lived theſe two Siſters here,
as you have heard it told;
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks,
and made them wrinkled old:
Then from their Father news was brought,
how he was wrapt in mould.
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

For the King of England ſoon,
the Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Jeruſalem
with Fame and Victory,
And brought their Fathers heart in Lead
here buried for to be.
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

This heart that ſpilt his dearеſt blood,
for Jeſus Chriſt in Heaven,
Being thus unto his Daughters twain,
in kindneſs brought and given,

Was

Was mourned for three hundred dayes,
from Morning unto Even.
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And then with lamentations,
sweet Maidens being weary,
Their aged Fathers noble heart
most solemnly did bury,
And gave the place their Fathers Name,
as sayes our English story.
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
being buried in that place,
Now since then called Finsbury,
to his Renown and Grace,
Which times to come shall not out-wear,
nor yet the same deface.
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And likewise when those Maidens dy'd,
they gave those pleasant fields,
Unto our London Citizens,
which they most bravely builds:
And now are made most pleasant walks,
that great contentment yields
To Maidens of London so fair.

Where lovingly both man and wife
may take the evening air,

And London Dames to dy their clothes,
may thither ſtill repair:
For that intent moſt freely given,
by theſe two Damſels fair,
Unto the Maidens of London for ever.

An excellent Song made of the Succeſſors of King Edward the fourth.

To the tune of, O man in deſperation.

WHen as the King of England dyed,
Edward the fourth by Name:
He had two Sons of tender years,
for to ſucceed the ſame:
Then Richard Duke of Gloceſter
deſiring kingly ſway,
Deviſ'd by Treaſon how to make
his Nephews both away.

He with the Duke of Buckingham
did cloſely then contrive,
How he unto the Engliſh Crown,
might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
and both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
our King incontinent.

This ſweet young King did entertain
his Unkle lovingly:
Not thinking of their ſecret drift,
and wicked treachery:
But then the Duke of Buckingham
to ſet abroach the thing,
Began a quarrel for the nonce
with them that kept the King.

And there they did arreſt Lord Gray,
the Brother to the Queen,
Her other Brother Lord Rivers,
in durance then was ſeen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewiſe
did then and there arreſt;
Thus was the King of all his Friends,
on ſudden diſpoſſeſt.

The King both for his Unkles plead,
and would their ſureties be:
But both theſe Dukes would in no caſe
to his requeſt agree.
In brief, theſe Noblemen were ſent
to Pomfret Caſtle ſoon,
Where ſecretly and ſuddenly
they there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the King alone
to London with great ſpeed,

ſing perſwaſions in ſuch ſort,
not to miſlike their deed:
but when to London he was come,
for him they had prepar'd
the Biſhops Palace there to hold,
but ſafely under Guard.

and then Duke Richard takes on him
the keeping of the King,
naming himſelf Lord protector,
his purpoſe about to bring.
Deviſing how to get in hold
the other brother too
The which the Cardinal undertook
full cunningly to do,

The Cardinal then all in haſte
unto the Queen did come,
uſing perſwaſions in ſuch ſort,
he got the other Son:
And then they both incontinent
unto the Tower were ſent,
After which time they ne're came forth,
for death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means,
to work theſe Princes death,
Did cauſe James Tirrils hired men
full ſoon to ſtop their breath:

Wyles

Miles Forrest and James Diggins both,
these wicked careless men,
Were made the instruments of blood
to work the murther then.

These Princes lying in their beds
being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
or meaning any harm:
These Villains in their fethered beds,
did wrap them up in hast,
And with the cloaths did smother them
till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murthered,
where laid no man did know:
But mark, the judgment of the Lord
did sharp revenge soon show,
Betwixt these Dukes within short space
such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham to please the King,
was forc't to lose his head.

Then Richard in his Kingly seat
no rest nor ease could find,
The murther of his Nephews did
so sore torment his mind:
He never could take quiet rest,
his life he still did fear:

His hand upon his Dagger was,
and none might come him near.

Lengthy the Earle of Richmond came
with ſuch a puiſſant band
That this uſurping King was forc'd
in his defence to ſtand:
And meeting him in Boſworth field,
they fought with heart full fain,
But God (for ſhedding Princes blood)
cauſ'd Richard to be ſlain.

Then being dead upon a Horſe,
all nak'd as he was born,
His fleſh ſore cut and mangled,
his hair all rent and torn.
And then Earl Richmond was worthily,
for this his deed of Fame,
Of England he was Crowned King
Henry the ſeventh by name.

From whoſe moſt Royal Loyns did ſpring
that famous King of might,
Henry the eighth, whoſe worthy Deeds
our Chronicles recite:
Who dying left his Land and Crown
to Edward his ſweet Son:
Whoſe Gracious Reign all England rul'd,
his time ſo ſoon was run.

His

His sister Mary did succeed,
next Princess in this Land;
But in her time blind Ignorance
against Gods truth did stand.
Which caused many a Martyrs blood
be shed in ruthfull case:
But God did Englands woes regard
and turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other sister came,
Elizabeth late Queen:
And she reliev'd her subjects hearts
from grief and sorrow clean:
She spent her dayes in peace and joy,
and dyed Gods servant true,
And now enjoyes a place in Heaven,
amongst the blessed crue.

Next her succeeding mighty James,
likewise of Henries Race,
His Majesty with Royall right,
deserves this worthy place,
Whose progeny God long preserve
this Kingdom for to sway,
And send all subjects loyal hearts
their Soveraign to obey.

The princely Song of the ſix Queens that were married to Henry the eighth, King of England.

The tune is, Welladay.

When Englands Fame did ring,
Royally, Royally,
Of Henry the Eighth our King,
all the world over:
Such deeds of Majeſty,
Won he moſt worthily,
England to glorifie,
by the hand of fair Heaven.

His Royall Father dead,
curiouſly, curiouſly,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
as it appeareth:
Such a Tomb did he make,
For his ſweet Fathers ſake,
As the whole world may ſpeak
of his gallant glory.

Englands brave monument,
ſumptuouſly, ſumptuouſly,
Kings and Queens gave conſent,
to have it there graced:

Henry the eighth was he,
builded in Gallantry,
With golden bravery,
in his rich Chappel;

And after did provide,
carefully, carefully,
To chuse a Princely Bride
for his Lands honour:
His brothers widdow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving wife to be,
Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine of Spain his first wife

Which Queen he loved dear,
many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty a year,
ere they were parted.
From this renowned Dame,
Mary his Daughter came,
Yet did his Bishops frame
to have her divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew,
how the King, how the King,
Proved in love most untrue,
thus to forsake her.
Good Lord what bitter woe

Did

Did this fair Princess show
unkindly thus to go
from her sweet Husband!

Oh my kind Soveraign dear,
said the Queen, said the Queen,
full two and twenty year
have I been married:
sure it will break my heart,
from thee now to depart,
I ne're plaid wantons part,
Royal King Henry.

All this availed nought,
woful Queen, woful Queen,
A Divorce being wrought,
she must forsake him:
Never more in his bed
laid she her Princely head.
Was ere wife so bestead
like to Queen Catherine?

Amongst our English men,
of renown, of renown,
The Earl of Wiltshire then
had a vertuous fair Daughter,
A brave and Princely Dame,
Anna Bullein by name.

Ann
Bullei
his secon
Wife.

This Virgin was by fame,
made wife to King Henry.

From this same Royall Queen,
blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
came our sweet Princess
Englands Elizabeth,
Fairest Queen on the earth,
Happy made by her birth
was this brave Kingdom.

When Anna Bulleins place,
of a Queen, of a Queen:
Had been for three years space,
more was her sorrow:
In the Kings Royal head,
secret displeasure bred,
That cost the Queen her head,
in Londons strong Tower.

When took to wife Lady Jane,
lovingly, lovingly;
What from the Semers came,
Nobly descended:
But her love bought the dear,
she was but Queen one year,

Jane Semer his third wife.

In

In Child-bed ſhe dyed we hear,
of Royal King Edward.

England then underſtand,
famouſly, famouſly,
Princes three of this Land,
thus came from three Queens.
Katherine gave Mary birth,
Anna Elizabeth;
Jane, Edward by her death;
All Crown'd in England.

After theſe married he
all in fame, all in fame,
A Dame of Dignity,
fair Anne of Cleve.
Her ſorrow ſoon was ſeen,
Only ſix months a Queen,
Graces but growing green,
ſo quickly divorced:

Anne of Cleve his fourth wife.

Yet lived ſhe with grief to ſee,
wofull Queen, wofull Queen,
Two more as well as ſhe,
married unto King Henry:
To enjoy loves delights,
On their ſweet wedding nights,
Which were her proper rites,
mournfull young Princeſs.

First a sweet gallant Dame
nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name,
fair Katherine Howard: Katherine
But ere two years were past, Howard
Disliking grew so fast, his fifth
She lost her head at last, wife,
small time of glory.

After her, Katherine Parre, Katherine
made he Queen, made he Queen, Parre his
Late wife to Lord Latimer, sixth Wife.
Brave English Baron.
This Lady of renown,
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore his Crown
of thrice famous England.

Six Royal Queens you see,
Gallant Dames, Gallant Dames,
At command married he,
Like a great Monarch,
Yet lives his famous name,
Without spot or defame.
From Royal Kings he came,
whom all the world fear'd.

The

The lamentable complaint of Queen Mary for the unkind departure of King Philip, in whoſe abſence ſhe fell ſick, and dyed.

The tune is, Crimſon Velvet.

MAry doth complain,
Ladies be you moved
With my Lamentations,
and my bitter moans:
Philip King of Spain,
whom in heart I loved,
From his Royal Queen,
unkindly now is gone;
Upon my bed I lye,
Sick and like to dye:
help me Ladies to lament,
For in heart I bear,
He loves a Lady dear,
better can his love content:
Oh Philip moſt unkind
Bear not ſuch a mind,
to leave the Daughter of a King:
Gentle Prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
and ſweet content to thee I'le bring.

For thy Royal ſake,
this my countries danger,

And my ſubjects woes,
I dayly do procure.
My burning love to ſlake,
noble Princely ſtranger,
And the ſame to move,
where it was ſetled ſure,
Divers in this Land
Againſt my foes did ſtand,
pawning their lives therefore:
And for the ſame were ſlain,
Gentle King of Spain,
ſtreets ran down with purple gore.
Forty thouſand men,
All in Armour then
this noble Kingdom did provide:
To marry Englands Queen,
Before thou ſhouldſt be ſeen,
or I be made thy gallant Bride.

But now my great good will,
I ſee is not regarded,
And my favours kind
are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
and with hatred rewarded,
I unhappy Queen,
left here in woful plight,
On our Engliſh ſhore,

Never

Never ſhall I more,
thy comely perſonage behold,
For upon the Throne,
Gloriouſly be ſhowne,
in thy purple Robes of Gold.
O my heart is ſlain,
Sorrow, care and pain
dwells within my ſobbing breſt:
Death approacheth near me,
Becauſe thou wilt not cheer me,
thou gallant King of all the Weſt.

Thoſe Jewels and thoſe Rings,
and that golden treaſure,
Firſt to win my love,
thou broughteſt out of Spain,
Now unto me brings
no delight, no pleaſure,
But a ſorrowful tear,
which ever will remain:
Thy Picture when I ſee,
Much amazeth me,
cauſeth tears amain to flow,
The ſubſtance being gone,
Pleaſures I have none,
but lamenting ſighs of woe;
The Chair of State adorned,
Seems as if it mourned,

Binding

binding up mines with weeping,
And when that I lie,
Unto my marriage bed,
sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you Ladies kind,
bring my gown of sable,
For I now must mourn,
the absence of my Lord.
You see my love-sick mind
is no longer able,
To endure the sting
of Cupids pricking sword:
My dying heart doth rest
In Philips Princely breast:
my bosome keeps no heart at all;
But ever will abide,
In secret by his side,
and follow him through Bower and hall.
Though I live disdained,
Yet my love unfeigned,
shall remain both chaste and pure,
And evermore shall prove,
As constant as the Dove,
and thus shall Mary still endure:

Ring out my dying knell,
Ladyes so renowned,
For your Queen must dye,

and

and all her Pomp forsake:
England now farewell,
for the fates have frowned,
And now ready stand
my breathing life to take:
Consume with speed to ayre,
Fading Ghost is fair,
with my milk-wings to flie:
Where sitting on the Throne,
Let my Love be shown
that for his sake is forc'd to die.
Be for ever blessed,
Though I die distressed,
gallant King of high renown.
The Queen now broken-hearted,
From this world is parted,
in the Heavens to wear a Crown.

The Battle of Agen-Court, between the Englishmen, and the French-men.

The tune is, Flying Fame.

A Council grave our King did hold,
with many a Lord and Knight,
That they may truly understand,
that France did hold his right:
Unto the King of France therefore
Ambassadours were sent, That

That he might fully understand,
his mind and his intent.

Desiring him in friendly wise,
his lawful right to yield,
Or else he vowed by dint of sword,
to win the same in field:
The King of France with all his Lords,
which heard his message plain:
Unto our brave Embassadors,
did answer in disdain;

And feign'd our K. was yet too young,
and of too tender age:
Therefore we weigh not of his wars,
nor fear not his courage:
His knowledg is in feat of Arms
as yet but very small:
His tender joynts more fitter were
to toss a Tennis Ball.

A Tun of Tennis-balls therefore
in Pride and great disdain.
He sent unto our noble King,
to recompence his pain:
Which answer when our King did hear,
he waxed wroth in heart,
And said he would such Balls provide
should make all France to smart.

An

An Army then our King did raiſe,
which was both good and ſtrong,
And from South-hampton is our King,
with all his Navy gone:
In France he landed ſafe and ſound,
with all his warlike Train,
Unto the Town of Hurflew next,
he marched up amain.

But when he had beſieg'd the ſame,
againſt the fenced walls,
To batter down their ſtately Towers,
he ſent his Engliſh balls:
This done our Noble Engliſh King,
marcht up and down the Land,
And not a Frenchman for his life,
durſt once his force withſtand.

Until he came to Agen-Court,
whereas it was his chance,
To find the King in readineſs,
with all his power in France;
A mighty hoſt he had prepar'd
of armed Souldiers then,
Which were no leſs by juſt account,
than forty thouſand men:
Which ſight did much amaze our King,
for he and all his Hoſt,

Not

Not passing fifteen thousand had,
accounted with the most:
The King of France which well did know
the number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our Prince,
did send a Herald then,

To understand what he would give,
for ransome of his life:
When they in field had taken him,
amidst their bloody strife:
And then our King with chearful heart,
this answer soon did make,
And said before this comes to pass,
some of your hearts shall quake:

And to your proud presumptuous Prince
declare this thing quoth he,
Mine own heart-blood shall pay the price,
none else he gets of me:
With that bespoke the Duke of York,
O Noble King, quoth he,
The leading of this battel brave,
vouchsafe to give to me.

God a mercy Cousin York, quoth he,
I grant thee thy request,
Then march thou on couragiously,
and I will lead the rest.

Then

Then came the bragging French-men down,
with cruel forze and might,
With whom our noble King began
a hard and cruel fight.

The Archers they diſcharg'd their Shafts,
ſo thick as hail from skye:
That many a French-man in the field,
that happy day did dye:
The Horſemen tumbled on the Stakes,
and ſo their lives they loſt,
And many a French-man there was ta'n,
as Priſoners to their coſt.

Ten thouſand men that day were ſlain
of enemies in the field,
And as many priſoners,
that day were forc'd to yield.
Thus had our King a happy day,
and Victory over France:
And brought them quickly under foot,
that late in Pride did prance.

The Lord preſerve our Noble King,
and grant to him likewiſe
The upper hand and victory
of all his Enemies.

FINIS.